

Fantasia

lenore

Complete



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Summary

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Description:

Fantasy worlds... (2013) A writing exercise in visual sensations.

1) Ravens

Let out your pained mew
Under honeysuckle dew
in dusk amber suns, ebony hue
do you think we might?
Now the skies are not so blue
Where wonderland wild who
in love and in anger, merrily said I do
Now do you think that is right?
Gold nights are young
and the honeysuckle dew, sweet on my tongue
Symphony of the stars is done
And so the ravens take to the sky
In their kingdom, how the ravens sung
Played a game of polka, it's all fun
but they cheated the bees, they were stung
Now would they put up a fight?
Waking beneath the bleeding sun, maroon skies
The ravens flew over their fortress of lies
Honeysuckle climbed up its walls, wonderland's distant
cries
In the whistling wind, they flow in lonely flight

The ravens flew away, the night did defy
How anger howled, ushering a good bye
and the sky was washed white, a silent sigh
The last bird blinked, letting in the light.
(18th April 2013)

2) White Horses

Sandy shores, seashell song
Tendrils of a whisper gently blow by
White horses rush to race
through the water to the shore's embrace
Milky ripples glide over
the clear virgin waters, salt so sweet
The sun shines, and how the water glitters
blinding yet dazzling, a cool breeze flitters
Grey cotton hovers above, an icy breeze blows
a wave rips through the perfect picture
and for a moment everything slows
the calm before the storm, of that I know
(18th April 2013)

3) Queen of Hearts

Her soul aches for the last spring laughter
Her black pearl orbs are staring beyond the mind
to a heart of glass, shattering ice
as teeth cut through a scolded clementine
Under the smiling moon from which stars dangle
She is clothed in flames, a beatific smile
Watched over with sad eyes, wise
she lost love long ago.

She sits in a throne in the fortress of lies
in her pink peach palm, a blue velvet crow dies
She has many soldiers, and they lay down their swords
but only so many tears of blood, can men afford
Bitter kisses on her black serpent's tongue
Silver spurs, they go on for her
Turning tides, pirates ride the racing white horses
to sandy dunes, drowning in summer wine,
and all for her

Where the queen of hearts waits, sand slipping
through her fingers

for the sea thieves who once stole her heart

(24th April 2013)

4) Fairy Tales and Legends

Blue oceans fling polished pearls
Ice frost shards, slicing through the lust
as skies fall to their planets, to dance
The light scatters through on amber
Tiger eyes are watching.
Eagle silhouette, wings in flight
and how the dusk moon is dancing
with her skies, painted with rain
Shattered mirrors of diamond
Lost time and youth's most sublime
All grief may be forgotten at dusk
where, under the many moons,
slumber is what we do to pass the time.
Gold rush possess the teary eyes
of moonlight madness, now so cold
and in this blue haze, they've never shone so bright
like the fairy tales and legends, of young and old
where nymphs and centaurs are drunk on summer wine
blissfully unaware of the sun's evening glare
Tattered remains of one's most beloved

Swept out of sight, and always hushed
Her mind is like disturbed waters, droplets
but water leads to meadows of grass, green lush
Where the sands of time are washed away
to blue oceans, fresh water and lime
but we're too drunk to care on our summer wine
With the celestial moon watching over us
whilst we slice sugary clementines
Lost in the labyrinth, of truth and lies
What can we do? We try and try
and as our time slips, passing us by
And everything we ever had, dwindles to dust
(29th April 2013)

5) The Green Man

Saccharine smiling sorrow in the golden afternoon
and then satirical sadness of the Green Man
who grins haphazardly from behind my chamber door
looking into his sleepy gaze
nature's song sends me into an enchanted daze
Sleeping serenade of the waking wonderland
summertime sadness drowns our thoughts
closing my eyes, there's the Green Man again
waiting in the shadows
for the red hare to give in and follow
(3rd May 2013)

6) Harlequin Haven

Harlequin haven of the night
how beautiful is its breath
which is but a whisper of stars
tickling upon my neck
the moon is a white peach
soft and delicate, yet bruised
from scornful words that we preach
to a god which has long forgotten us
I take a bite out of the moon
because it sleeps so low in the sky
and I may reach out, and pluck it from its place
Celestial nights I do taste
Sweet and warm, immersed
in silk skies, red sunsets and a sunrise
of many hues, that stroke the eyes
A harlequin haven, this is what it tastes like
(6th May 2013)

7) Morning Glory

Song of the white hearts pumps through veins
Taking swords of words in a silent revolution (of sorts)
and step back to admire the art work
Morning light casts a light like no other
Like they say, it's always darkest before the dawn
I hear the million voices, howling in my ears
and ever silent, we sleep to shut them out
and hope that somewhere in all the universes
there is a place where they are muted,
we rest, and we reside in lemon yoghurt pots
Hot eucalyptus gushes around the night,
waterfall of tears, splashes without a sound
you can't live with the world on your shoulders
someone said long ago, I'm still climbing onto the world's
shoulders,
just to let you know.
(9th May 2013)

8) A Pariah's Fanfare

Sunken sailor's heart in salty seas
Pirate's prayer dies with powerless pleas
White wrath of angered warriors wastes away
in the dawn light of a new day
Gold glaciers glitter in the pearly glow
of flowering forests, falling flow
Harlequin haven's tasteful hue
like the disappearing shadows of birds flew
Burley, brisk sigh of the blundering bear
who wanders wildly through worrisome woe
past drunken sailor's sunken ships
with blood on his back from a tactless whip
Jubilant, jousting jest of useless jargon
cries cruel words to the crumbling crown
Early evening dew settles in the east
Whilst friendly fellows fast at a feast
Parading pariahs fled the streets
with flag fanfares and fighting fleets
Sadistic slumber sank the truthful
whilst liars took red rags to the raging bull

Indigo iris plunging into ice
Pandora's box, ready to pay the price?
Apple slice, arabesque dance
to morning dusks, give the day a chance
(11th May 2013)

9) Lost

Lazy slumbers of saccharine lovers
wheel of fortune turns
Aphrodite smiles in the sleepy gaze
They are followed on their odyssey
from dusk to dawn and back again
Beasts bellow, thundering tempest's stare
in the ebony eyes of moon gazing hare
who doses among drooping ferns
with the sun on his back and stars in his eyes
The lovers are lost now
and stars cross over to watch.
The Green Man guards in silence
the lovers spiral under blooming clouds
(23rd May 2013)

10) Where We Hide

Come seek us where our voices be spoken
Beyond the mind, and thou chamber door
Do not ask of us anymore
for wisdom of tales long forgotten

Come seek us in the night where our tears be cried
in the dark, beyond the moon's howling slaves
Beneath the lantern, away from paths paved
in abandoned forests where we hide

Come seek us where our hearts be beating
behind the closing gates of heavens unknown
Our soft whisper on the wind blown
See our eyes gleaming in the shadows, if only fleeting

Come see us in the dusk, where we come alive
Take our hands, we'll guide the way
Come dance with us in the night where we thrive
Enjoy this summer's eve, into darkness we shall dive

(7th June 2013)

11) Eye of the Moon

White orb in the dark
Glow over forgotten land
and well-trodden path
Render my heart mad
Beneath pearly dust starlight
lantern of the night
Guide those who are lost
to many a trodden path
Till the sun takes reign
Lie low in dawn sky
Return once more with stars bright
Dusk welcomes your light
(3rd June 2013)

12) The Halcyon Labyrinth

Nymphets cry in white noise haze
burning eyes, golden glaze
By the lagoon of secrets, they still stay
in the halcyon labyrinth, we wander way
throughout thick and thin, no light of day
but darkness does not faze
for ethereal cascades, spirits do raise
Gossamer so fine, spun a web
of stories and tales, rumours and riddles
nymphets listened, smiling in slumbers slick
by fire-light flame, wind blew shame
Cobalt dragonfly in the night life
forgot its gambling strife
when with the nymphets, he spends time
breaking through the gossamer fine
dancing above the lagoon lime
with wounded words, he does trifle
in their hearts, he always trails a knife
(11th June 2013)

13) Orchid Garden

Clover leaf, honey dew
Gullible love, from my heart it spews
into the orchid garden where flowers are in bloom
and into the graveyard, where souls meet doom
Shield the orchids from flying embers
for fear their petals shall be dismembered
Shield them from this hurt
And bury the glowing embers within the earth
Watch the swallowtail as she flutters away
from Eden to the orchids, I hope that she'll stay
In the midst of the garden, the Green Man resides
he watches over us all, on guard by my side
even when the embers rust his face
he stands amongst the orchids, for this is his place.
(28th May 2013)

14) Stargazer

Stargazer heart, peaceful mind
Pulling strings, puppet smile, puppet heart
Dangling feet, ready to fall into the unknown
Kiss bruised lips, pre-Raphaelite beauty
Held up by strings, painted milky smile
Wicked game, stolen fame
forgotten pain, trickling shame
Wild made tame, tied to strings
Sat on the one trick pony
Galaxy glare into fake gold, held in the hand
Sultry stare in summer solstice smile
hold my hand
Ring leader rules, obey or pay
pull the strings of the broken doll, make her dance
amber tears in moonlight delight
which slide by, unnoticed
in the slow wake of October days
(10th July 2013)

15) Sail Away

Delve into dream slumber days
Past sandy shores, we sail away
To slumber-struck snail land
Where nothing is rushed nor hurried
And time is never running out
We may bathe in an afternoon sun
For ever and ever
with our backs to our troubles
and faces to the future
Snails slugging by with lazy smiles
which shine on our own.

(11th July 2013)

16) Hourglass

Milky blue splash, and a dash—
of seasalt, glittering shards smashed
like glass in roadside gutter.
Rocks like jagged scars, reaching the stars
which explode in twilight ecstasy
the firmament reflecting over seldom still waters
which in brief rest are nature's mirror
to show us the true beauty of things
Milky ocean splash, and a flash—
of sun shimmer, gold like true hearts dashed
but mending all the same
And the white horses flurry, over
the rocks to the shore, to turn the hourglass
in their favour, reclaiming the sands of time
which are always shifting the balance.
Milky wave crash, and a splash—
of aquamarine, colour of my dreams
which like stars are always fading away.
(18th August 2013)

17) Dream Symbols

An armoured, decorated white horse
with startled black eyes
and a mad king
who is hated, and hunted
whose palace has balconies
and great glass doors
and books lining many shelves
I comfort the mad king
His hunters have disappeared
I take out a thin, red rope
from a drawer, and reach for a gold one
you tell me I don't need rope
(I think I do)
The mad king is waving his sword
he is delirious with panic
I comfort him
and a medieval book
is on a mahogany table
in the centre of the room
with colourful pictures,

I flip through it
(the wind rustles the cream curtains)
there are two colourless pictures:
two bodies hanging from a tree
in black and white
with crows, flying, slowly around
drifting on the wind like black stars
and a woman hanging from a different tree
with a ripped up landscape
(in black and white)
the pictures move.
everything moves. constantly
rippling like unsettled water
There is a picture of the white horse
with colourful ribbons of red and gold
his eyes are also gold in the picture
and beside the pictures
are descriptions which I don't bother reading
but on them are yellow lines
which are like strips of old stained paper
and when I look on the opposite side
where the picture of a field is
green and gold and purple-blue

(I enter the picture, in a horse and cart
I am a little girl again, I look at the farm
we are going to market. But never to return.)
I'm out of the picture again.
the picture is stained
there are lines of red, jagged
which when I touch, leave blood
on my pale fingers
blood from the cuts which I made.
all my cuts on the picture, staining it.
Marking it, covering the pictures
Someone (a man, possibly my father) is reading over my
shoulder.

(25th August 2013)

18) Festivals

Laying under a snow sun
with my heart in naked glory
sun breathes smoke flakes
over my moonbeam cheeks
Black and white for a moment
to see everything in naked glory
and clothe it all again in colour
as to brighten the ribbons' festival
Firework flare in night's velvet blanket
shining on my sea-stone eyes
reflecting on stray strands of sunshined hair
which tangle around my throat
(7th September 2013)

19) Ocean Loving

Sand grains grinding
in the froth of the sea's mouth
Waves pounding
onto the cliff's face
lover to lover, they kiss
and touch and hold, greedily
the waves are slamming
into the rocks
Watching the ocean
violently make love to the shore
Just a taste of the sea's passion
in the saltlick air
winding through the wind
in the eye of the storm's glare.
(18th September 2013)

20) Fishbowling

Circulate, my water bubble within water
bursting with chlorine wavesong, foggy blur
too pure, strained of lyrical sense.

Goldfish went fishbowling
down Neptune alley, swam a lap
back at plastic coral.

Flambé flame fish, circulate
again around water bubble, through water bubble
and again down to Neptune alley
for some fishbowling once more.

Floating by the plastic coral reef
mundane little fish
lost interest in forever fishbowling
down Neptune alley
which was a little too chloric
for flambé flame fishes
and their everlasting laps
Goldfish blow melancholy bubbles
for their lost causes.

(27th September 2013)

21) Gold Flake

Whimsically,
I trespass the oceans of time
and dreamwake sleep
I am trespassing
the tides and clocks
awakened in my slumber trails!
Touch my—
gold flake face, if you can
reach into the dark
and hold me up by my hair
(I don't care)
I am voyaging on the dreamwoken
way of me, could you, dare you
dreamwalk with me?
(6th October 2013)

22) Act One

I could be your cartoon character
smashing through the scene
got to make a presence, got to make sure
I'm seen, make sure people don't miss me
I can wear my masquerade cat mask
musical notes, gold cat eye glare
kitty cat, make me purr
then I can come through the window
of slumber, with my façade forsaken face
stroke the plumes, brush away the glitter
Take me away from this place
of disaster, my king of crisis!
I will come through the forest, nude nymph
flowers in my hair, glitter still there
sat on Pan's lap, you'll watch and stare
did nobody ever tell you, life isn't fair?
I will be the ingenue
Faraway whisper in your dreams
Distant star ever burning out, cataclysm of
salt streams, queen of the mystique

I will be cloaked in silk robes
Jewels and feathers, ruby red ribbons
treasure of the deluge
Then I will glide through the water
of the greatest ocean, with a summer siren song,
floating on an August sunset
far from where I belong!
Release me of my seaweed snare.
I will fly from a distant land, of snow and iced lakes
batter my glass eyes, light frosted lashes
Chione and I, hand in hand, with cobalt sashes
Boreas on her heel, into the snow she dashes!
(9th October 2013)

23) Red Hare

Red hare wander where

?

Fallen down, startled by the snare

red hare, she wanders there

hidden in her swaddling snare

Red hare, should let sleeping dogs lie

(sunflower petals in the sky

and golden bear meanders by in rose petal delight)

—blighted,

she sleeps at long last night

Red hare, fallen in her stare,

starry eyed, spirit like a flare

She runs wild, wind in her hair

—I fell deep down the cavern of bloom

(ing) flowers, and choked on nectar in the air.

(24th October 2013)

24) Drip Drop Little Droplet

I.

I walked past with flowers in my hair,
did you see me there?

I bloom like stars in the dusk sky

I am the moon, orbiting my eye

Iridescent, I am golden in your glare

II.

I dressed in daisy chains, and danced

away my fears, naked I bite like a savage and scream in
desire,

serene I will allow your comfort,

whispered words only you could hear.

III.

I love the golden bear who lumbers by
in honey and yoghurt afternoon

Hint of lavender, lemon sky and a

brown moth who hums and smiles.

IV.

Drip, drop. Drip, drop

Drip drop little droplet

Piano, forte rainy river

Moon baton on river's flow

Whilst wind tunes the blue.

(25th October 2013)

25) The Flowers Get Ready to Party (as you see)

You got me feeling fly,
butterfly, dandelions in drag
and you know what they're
like.

I put my lipstick on,
like some big beauty queen, fairy
wings, you got me feeling
high.

like the shit the sunflower's son
sold me some time ago
do you see?

I do my hair in front of the mirror,
I'm naked in the geranium gazes
and I don't mind it all that much
(I hope they think I'm as beautiful as they are)
and the roses pluck their thorns
like eyebrows, overdoit like *never*.
you see?

I slip on my dress, paint on all the

glitter, and the daisies blush purplepink
in the yellow helium balloon
high's eye. They *s i g h*
ever so *s l o w l y* ever so
lovestruck, dumbstruck daisy chains
so like
me.

(26th October 2013)